The depressing night was April 17, 2009 around 9:20 PM. I was relaxing in my bedroom talking on my phone that sports a cute, pink, star cover. I heard my father yelling for my mother. I could hear the sadness and worry in his voice as he yelled. I then heard my mother let out a terrible cry that sent shivers down my spine. I quickly hung up my phone and ran upstairs to see what all the commotion was about. My mother snatched me away before I could reach my destination, the kitchen. She didn't want me to see what she had just seen. She cried salty tears as she hugged me tightly. It was difficult to pick the words out that she was saying. I knew what had happened, my first dog, Shiloh had passed away. My parents wouldn't get this worked up over anything else. I began to cry and walk towards the kitchen where my dad stood, hunched over Shiloh. Bright red blood covered our brown tile kitchen floor. His light pink tongue hung loosely out of his mouth. Limp. His beautiful dark brown eyes were now nothing but dull marbles that needed to be cleaned. His brown, white, and black fur was shining in the dim lightening. I bent down and pet his soft light brown ears for the last time. My dad looked up at me with tears rolling down his face and said, "He's in a better place now honey." I wiped my fresh tears away from my face and shook my head. I stood at the top of the stairs watching. Watching as my dad carried my faithful comrade out the front door to the truck so he could take Shiloh's body out to the vet in the morning to be cremated. We all miss you Shiloh. You won’t be forgotten.